

SOLON
DOGGETT'S



UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS

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SOLON ✓
" DOGGETT'S

POEMS.

UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS.

ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.



Author of "Old South Shore," "Immortalis," Novel "Jumping
Judas," "Tanganika," "Golden Cities," etc.



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CONTENTS.

	<i>Page.</i>
SOUL LIFE	7
TO THE ROSES OF IRMMA	10
IN SILENCE	11
THE NIGHT	13
I LOVED THEE, IRMMA	15
IN THE SHADOWS	18
A WHISPER	19
FOOTSTEPS OF MY LOVE	20
THE LABORER'S PRINCESS	22
FROM THE TOMB OF IRMMA	24
THE SILENT SHADOWS	33
TO A.D. 1889	34
HOME AND MOTHER	35
ODE TO WENDELL PHILLIPS	37
OUR FLOWERS IN THE AVILION	39
UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS AT GETTYSBURG	40
MY FRIEND AND I	43
UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS IN THE OLD PARLOR	45
LOUANA	47
HIS GHOST TOUCHED ME	58
STEPS OF SUCCESS	60
ANDATO	61
NATURE'S REST IN RAPTURE	62
ANNA AND THE ROSES	65

THE VOYAGE OF THE SOUL	69
IRMINA, THE NEW YEAR'S BRIDE	72
LITTLE MAY	78
THE WEDDING	85
BOSTON BELLS	82
UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS IN THE OLD WOODS	84
THOUGHTS FROM THE STARS	89
AFTER THE GOLDEN WEDDING	91
AVIATION BY THE SACRED RIVER	96
CHARLIE'S LOVE	99
LA BELLO	101
COME, OH COMET!	103
THOUGH THOU ART DIVINE, I FEEL NOT NIGH	102
THE PATH SUPREME	104
A LITTLE LOVE	107

ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. 1. Tired, then rest, tired, willing to sail that twilight sea.

" 2. So often, O so often, in the little lane!

" 3. From that land where bloomed her orange flowers.

" 4. I am the Ghost who fades at morn, I come to the sound of the wended horn.

" 5. Then to my oar—one oar, and the world adieu, 'twas dark, whither the shore?

" 6. And then the patient lonesome dog went down and moaned, and slept long over Irma's grave.

" 7. Louana's home and the brook.

" 8. The Elopement.

" 9. Where Anne's roses bloomed.

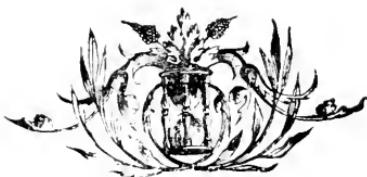
" 10. She brought her loved guitar, sang to one shining star.

" 11. One more row, but one. Sailing down the river some bright unclouded morn.

" 12. Dear Saco



Three views of a small, irregular rock formation, possibly a fossilized structure, resting on a light-colored surface.



SOUL LIFE.

VET, my soul, I hear seas flow on,
Outdrawn by ever doubtful tides,
And in their sweet return is love.
Think not, dear heart, thou art forlorn !
Dissembling self in holy gloom ;
Loved, thou still drinkest hope, yet drawn
Far down such golden founts of morn.

Tired ! -- and dim lights along the west ;
Night storms ; and shadows pale --
Longing for one dear Home -- then -- rest.
Half doubts, misgivings -- *tired* ! --
Willing to sail that twilight sea,
When word comes o'er the deep for me.

TELL not of the realms beautified far,
The ideal crests of the air,
But the life which is more sublime,
One who works forever exultant,
Over the anguish and trials triumphant,
Against the woes of his time.

O go forth to the work of thy days !
Our whirlwinds are moving to Mays,
Gardens bloom sweetly beyond prison walls,
Thus are our eyes with the sorrows,
Changing over to sweet tomorrows -
Griefs shining in night like the stars.

The sorrows, and labor, and strife,
They measure the meaning of life.

Not lives have we, like birds in the light,
Not the joy of a constant Eden,
But the feeling of one who has ridden,
Bewildered on mountains by night.



Unseen Footsteps.

DEDICATED TO THE ROSES OF IRMMA

And Over the Withered Roses of My Dead This Haunt Gleamed.

O THOU, who rules my self control !
All certain hand. Thy laws delight
Her rose-blown grave : the stars of night
Foretell, that sweeter years will roll.
Thou ! all-enduring strength. Our feet
In dust ! O weary soul in woe !
When friend death's bridal-roses blow,
God calls across our lonely deep.

And man shall smite unyielding stones,

And hearts shall know a deeper care,

Or shouts of war may rend the air,

Thou wilt not leave us all alone.

O Thou, who brings my dear one home !

And lights the hearth, and makes him stay,

Or brings a thousand joys today ;

Why should we always weep in gloom ?

IN SILENCE.

LEFT her in the little mound of flowers.
Strong God doth know this darkness He hath made.
Lift up my heart, for once in happy days
The sunlight through her golden tresses played !
Grief tells a secret when her roses fade.
To hear the silent footsteps of my Love,
Night harkens in the temples of the dead.

As one listeneth in the mountain walk,
Sees not, but hears the far off billows fall,
So our deep whispers of each tender thought,
The dead know who through the infinite call.
Dear, absent voice. Her picture on the wall.
And they are better known who leave us here,
Nearer they dwell with nature, all in all.

Stars, and the dark of a voiceless night !
And the perpetual moan of sea.
And the lash of billows on lone shores ;
And longings that are smothered in me.
Years ! and silence of death by her door ;
And the kiss that is gone evermore.
O these shadows that come o'er my will !
O these tears for the lips that are still.

Clear dawn, and gleam of the *morning* star !
And the rage of the billows I hear :
For I, too, some dawn will fit afar
Out on the infinite bay with her.
Yet, a whisper is murmured so well
Though the gateways are piled with the strife :
For the sweet in the bitter of death
Is beginning of a lovelier life.



THE NIGHT.

THE sensuous, solemn chords of night,
Were touched with lonely anguish deep:
There came a sound, a sound of love,
Like some dear step of angel feet ;

For o'er the heart there seemed a spell,
That would not leave at life's command,
A touch of calm, divining well,
Like pressures of a long loved hand.

Oh calm supreme ! O long delight !
Thou teachest me to bear the tears,
Great sorrows of the darker night,
That waste the thousand thousand years.

So vague, so still, to every star,
Heart beats to hear the silent feet.
More soft the unseen footsteps are,
Than music's dulcet dreams in sleep.

Ye heard the harp-strings of the night,
Throb to one soul forlorn,
And waft through all the weary flight
A whispered grief as ocean's mourn.

Section 10. Little lane

I LOVED THEE, IRMMA!

1

HERE is a strange and vaguely gloomy pallor o'er
my cheek they say.

I may not see the spring again. If it is so,
Irmma — you must cheer my way.

Wake me not — Irmma, if I sleep — before the evening
stars have set and gone.

You will only miss my dancing on the parlor lawn.

You will not see me, when next summer gently gleams.

If you *want* me — Irmma — you must catch me in your
dreams.

2

When I am gone — Irmma — through the long,
long summer nights you'll sleep :

Like some motion you may see me flitting near you
when you weep.

The roses in the window, darling, I shall touch with you
at morn.

I shall *find* you, Irmma. I'll be a drop of dew, and
rest upon your rose at dawn.

And just the same you'll love me, though sad indeed it
seems :

But if you *want* me — Irmma — you must catch me in
your dreams.

3

In the meadows you will hear the blue-birds calling when
I am far away.
Where we walked together by the ocean, the beach will
seem all cold and grey.
Yet the early robins, in the bright long days, will be here
just the same,
But for me, O often you will listen! O so often, in the
little lane.
You will be very lonesome, when the twilight creeps up
the dark and gloomy hill,
And all alone, you'll see the moon come out above the
tall wind-mill.

4

If you close forever my piano, put the music in the
rack —
Touch it not, unless you think forever — sometime — I
am coming back;
O back again to greet you, and sing to you our favorite
song
When in time we shall be older, wiser, in the happy,
happy throng.
Be patient, Irmina, waiting through these long and
tedious scenes.
But if you *want* me, Irmina, you must catch me in your
dreams.

5

You will see my poems, darling, lying round the little
basket there.
Perhaps my canary birds will die. They hang above
the marble stair.

You must be always careful of many, many things, you know.

But if I die tonight, and with the evening stars I go,
Some way, I will promise, some how to come back to you,
Unless our olden, earthly ways of thought grow so strange and new.

6

Wake me not, Irmina, if I sleep, before the evening stars are gone.

For O ! in the dreary marshes, I hear the night winds moan.
When I have gone to sleep, this wicked, wicked world will roll,

And just the same the rich and poor will for their trifles toil.

I am going far away from this — across the woodlands lone.

Wake me not, Irmina, if *I die*, before the evening stars are gone.

7

O ! I know 'tis common — dearest — for all this world to weep.

I know you will lament, when I lie low in shrouded sleep.

See, Irmina, the horns of the moon look strange into the sky,

All through the gloomy purple the stars go down and die.

O far up the immortal deep, endless, long, summer gleams.

But if you *want* me, Irmina, you must catch me in your dreams.

IN THE SHADOWS.

THREE is a song beating strange and holy,
That is wafted from the deep,—
Where billows roar and worry
A sound that wails around the reef!

Here is grief that is uttered ever
From the vague, known evening wind,
And I wait for the daylight's fading
For the voice that it will bring.

I can see vast and airy bridges,
And the silk sails softly loom,
Borne on ancient gilded barges,
Under the arches move.

Spirit-eyes I have been reading,
As I sat at eve while moaned the breeze,
But I knew this shadowed silence
And this wild music through the trees.

Dead friend! thou steppest softly,
Near my swinging palace door,
O my dearest one, so gently,
Imploring me to weep no more.

A WHISPER.

1

A WAY in the shadows, and dreaming
 O'er the days of a dead delight ;
 What mean they, down in my doubting,
 Footsteps Unseen, one hears in the night :
 'Twere thinking the thought of madness
 That is ever haunting my sleep,
 If not, in hours of my sadness,
Some voice called me o'er the great deep.

2

By the still world. Love, reclining,
 Beautiful wind of the night !
 Why murmur, with days declining,
 In slumber through dim, dreary light,
 Though my dead may have departed
 Thy touch is welcome, as sweet :
 Thy breath—is it her same dear heart ?
 Same footstep abroad from the deep ?

3

I feel her loved, subtle presence,
 But never can touch her form :
 And I hear thy language chanted,
 Through thy lyres till the chill dawn.
 O why is my heart so restless,
 Whenever thou tak'est thy flight ?
 This doubting on earth so ceaseless,
 Beautiful wind of the night !

FOOTSTEPS OF MY LOVE.

MATTIA.

DREAMING roses 'mid the dews of morn,
Were not sweeter, or fairest Phosper,
When first she riseth in the white clouds of dawn,
O, while she sleeps!—No lily on the great
Nyanza, rests upon the silent shores
More sweetly, or fo'deth down its bloom.

Didst thou e'er watch the sun droop at even,
And the sad day close her tired lids?
Or e'er came the shadows of colder night,
Wrap all her hills about with purple robes,
More hopeful than in poet-lands of love.

So well, and deep in dreams, long sleeps my love;
Silken steps so soft, no harsher fall,
Than a fresh rosebud bends unto the ground,
When blows the evening zephyr from that land
Where bloomed her orange flowers.

In affluent airs of summer eves,
When fall her kiss dews o'er a sleeping flower
Winged from the deepening of the dark,
Falls yet sweeter her inspiring thought,
Or like petals of lone lilies falling
On lonely waters dreaming still and soft.



From that land where bloomed her orange flowers,

And didst thou ever hear the blue ocean
In calm, kiss with a low, sweet murmuring
The balmy shores of still, Floridian isles?
Thus is all she uttereth, so calmly sweet,
O'erflowing from her full soul's unshadowed deep.

O, I would give my life, and the wild ocean's roll,
The long loved exultation and the strife,
For that delightful, lonely water and its lilies' long
repose !



THE LABORER'S PRINCESS.

DIED 1889.

TIS whispered, like one's fate,
This side the stars they roam ;
True love always wanders home.

If *he* *heeds* her footsteps,
Then the weary toiler,
Finds in grief a solace,
The truth, that want and gloom
Are more than church or state.
Then should be the worker happy,
His home the perfect home,
Where darling eyes dilate.
No more maudlin revels to the starlight,
Great men in mines as well as temples !
True hearts in huts as in the palace !
No matter what our cruel fate may bring,
Whosoever is contented,
He alone is king.

O, lonely in the halls of death
Why should we moaning rave !
All are *more* than kings at death
Equal, giftless, you will lay in your grave !

And in my days of darkness
My sorrows deepen Heaven.
Dreamless broods the moonlight
In the silent resting places,
Where the echoes dieth
From far-off low bells tolling—
Where dim shadows moveth,
Where nothing stirreth
Where Adel *deep* sleepeth.

O Home ! that far off Home. Come home !
Dear soul more pure than bridal roses blown.

And her spirit cometh—
Where the rose thorn twineth ;
Where the daisy kisseth,
Where the tall grass bendeth,
Through the long, long weary, weary twilights.
There the thrushes mourn farewell,
Where lonely sleeps—my only—
Only, sweet Adel.

Far over seas, that very day,
Those very hours ;
Among the great of Earth a Queen was laid away.
They both slept pale in the purple morn.
Who is the greater Princess? Who shall say !
The one who died with a golden crown,
Or the one who wore the simple wreath
Where the humble daisies wave ?
O all are MORE than kings at death
And equal we all will lay in our grave.

"FROM THE TOMBS OF IRMMA."

A. L. GARDNER.

AMAZEMENTE

I

I am the Ghost who fades at dawn,
I come to the sound of the wended horn.
Out on the marsh the moon is late;
And I watch the old kings come and go,
As I stand long years by my castle gate.

Is it the wail of the far away billows,
That murmur so vaguely to me?
The tramp of the surf on the raving shore,
The sound of the breath of the sea?
Is it the sad glimmer of a light I know,
That gleams to the desolate waste?
Like a distant din of a lonely woe,
Where the damps of the night-fall haste.
Is it the glow of the same old light,
That she placed once there for me
In the old tower window on high,
Near my sweet palace home I loved by the sea.
Is it the rustle of her silken skirts I hear?
I hear again through the low green pines—
As once she flitted through that night of tear,

I am the Ghost who fades at morn, I come to the sound of the
wended horn.

To the hiss of the surf's wild breaking lines.
 No ! none of these ; for she has gone ! long gone,
 And alone in the dusk I vainly wait,
 For the coming of Irnma—my sun—my morn,
 As I watch all chilled by the dear old gate—
 Oh for these thousand years I wait, and wait !

2

The castle stands the same except her room so still,
 I have heard the beat of a hundred sounds—
 But none so sweet as the beat of her heart.
 O it rests so cold in her father's grounds !
 Curses to the father who kept her from me !
 'Twas but a little while—yet long, long ago,
 She put the light in the tower for me,
 To keep me from a grave of wreck and woe.
 She was sweet—indeed she was sweet !
 And Hell for the brother that drove me away
 From the gentle sweet flowers at her feet
 That grow on her grave to the dawn of the day !
 Hallowed the vines by the dear old gate.
 Unhappy as night grow the pale, purple flowers,
 Ah ! while I am weary, and vainly wait
 For the gleam of her light in her far-away towers.

3

I am the Ghost that wants my will.
 Long years—long, silent years—her locks lie still ;
 The golden tress that fluttered to the red eve ;
 And I dream and dream—of what might have been ;
 The dead dream-flowers that about her wreath.
 The king of the “snowy plume” won her not ; O no !
 The king with a silver shield did not ; O no !
 But my heart she loved, beats alone at this gate,
 I watching the chiefs by the tower come and go.
 Did I ever do or dare a noble deed for her ?
 Did I sacrifice a tired limb ever more ?

Did I travel a desolate deep in woe for her?
 Did I plod through torrid suns for her o'er and o'er?
 One lost his name, and all glory for her ;
 A shield split in twain in a fiery rout ;
 A head and a helmet were cloven in vain ;
 But what did ever I do to win so fair a heart ?
 But she is dead ! and speaketh now no more !
 O what can I do yet for the honor of her ?
 What sacrifice make for the absent I love ?
 What ransom in bright gold for the days that were ?
 Can I not give my life and my blood ? O no !
 Ah, ever and ever I weep and starve o'er her grave.
 Can I sail to the isle where the wild winds blow,
 Can I battle for her the blast and the wave ?
 Ah me ! but the billows roll ever and rave.
 Not for her the height, and the battle is won !
 Not a deed can I do for her love—too late !
 But to sit and mourn by the dear old gate.

4

Twenty kings have passed me now
 In the silence of my night ;
 I saw their waving plumes on high,
 Full winged with silver light.
 Each sought my Irmma there,
 But met a darkened fate,
 That rose in sighs upon the air,
 I, breathless at the gate.
 'Twas here she heard my early vow.
 First wore my golden ring—
 That ring alone is with me now,
 For kings she would not sing.
 Down in her heart her song was true,
 Though clipt too early on the wings,
 From lovely eyes fell sweetest dew ;
 They now are dust for northern winds.

Here is my castle I built for her, stone by stone,
And the seasons rolled fast, and the builder laid all,
Though her name was not carved by him in the rock ;
In my heart I engraved it with each blow on the block.
This arch is for her, or will she like this, or even this,
Will she step on this diamond floor in the dark ?
Shall I swing here a golden censer at her wish,
Here build a dormer for those sweet blue eyes to
gaze on the park.

And as the dear place rose a joy on the dark heath,
I looked in smiles to the vale of our happiest years.
But the archway of my castle has changed in a
breath,

To a cold threshold of a temple of tears.

Over the fireplace glow the gold-tipt horns of the elk,
And the tiles of alabaster, of bronze and of brass.
The weird faces stare, carved of the dark old chiefs,
And gloat o'er the shield and helmet I found in the
marsh.

I have built all for her—yes, for her !

Perfect—how perfect is all this rich, gilded room ;
Perfect to the last touch of the architect's will—
Golden all—but for her to gladden the gloom.

'Tis to the dell that sleeps under the orbs of the dark
I gaze in the silence to the far away light

Of her father's tower, swung like a devil's dart !

O never the beam she hung for my deepest delight !
And my teeth are set, and my hands are clenched,
Will he ever pass the gate of my castle of gold ?

Can I bear him—or the brawl of his tongue ?

I could cut for the dogs on the wold !

I sit in the dark, and feel the touch of the sweet
little hand

Of Irmma, who said, "he was dear father indeed."

I am near to the shore in the trough of an awful sea,
One more— and again; and I leaped from the bow
before.

Ah! and the sand it tickled my feet; the light
gleamed to me,

I with scarce a robe, drenched by storm and rain.
My Irmma was there, and beckoned me on to her
tower.

It *was she*, who put the light there alone for me,
She, my angel, to guide me in so dark an hour.
But whom should we meet, near his castle gate,
But her father, who shook with a wrathful ire,
“Why here? Abed— be gone!” he spoke with eyes
of fire,

And grasped his daughter by her golden hair.
One shriek. A bolt came down, tore up the white
sand.

Oh, cursed be the lightning and storm that night!
Oh, could it have wrench'd to the ribs,
The rings, and the bolts of his castle instead!
Then he turned on me. I was cold. Numb with
the storm—

Or his white corpse would have whitened the sand
Where he dastardly turned on me like a dog,—
I shielding Irmma with my trembling hand.
He cried “I am not a slave of the shore.
Should I leave my bed of crimson and gold
To save from a grave in the surf, such as thee—
Let that be the work of the pirate of old!”
And my limbs grew strong with that word—
For the pride of my name and heart was touched,
And my Irmma I clasped and said; “frail bird
Kill thy father?” but clutched the word in my
throat.

I railed on him ever after, and bit at his heels.

Did I watch him at night in the garden below?
Did I see him proudly flaunt through his gate?
Why in the dark did I not for his curst coming
 wait?
And more: the father, and brother bewildered,
Kept *me ever* from her lone little grave.
Still I see the clouds all crimson in blood;
Hear the wail of the long, breaking wave.
When would he let me see her? — no never!
Would the sound of the surf sigh with a boom
When I asked for her by the marsh or the shore?
Dare I lift the knocker on her door in the gloom?
Thrice our letters came and went unseen,
But her fourth to me never; O, never it came!
Then on the trees down with the white owls,
I found carved, wet with her tears, my name.
Thrice our letters were found in the old tree trunk,
In a hole that was gnawed by the bears;
But alas! I have missed them here evermore,
Those drops of gold on the skirts of my years.
O, the cruel father, hath kept her ever from me!
And what shall I ever be to him more?
Can I see him? call him man? the dog!
Let the surf drag his bones on the shore!
But the father and brother — they killed her,
Not with the edge of a dagger so cold and keen;
Ah, to God! better it would fully have been!
But they killed her with their railing and spleen."

One bright, clear cut dawn, full with gold, and sun,
And when all day before, had lonely slept her tower,
On that bright summer morn, she said: "I die.
No more I find my love, and all the trees
With many dreamy voices wailing loud,

Awake me, not to the day, but to that shore." Then her mother, and those cold hearted, came. And o'er her bent and said: "sweet maid: so soon?" And no more; but turned unto the wall and wept. "Lay me," she said, "by him I beckoned from the wave; And saved him by the midnight light. I swung — And, if he be not yet dead — for I hear not — Fold me in all my sleep with gold, my mother — And if thou wilt, carry me to him I love. I give him all I have, my self — my soul — My heart, my dust, and all I am, to him. These are the last, and only things I would : And, if from our chill suns, he be not gone, If he so would : Oh, *let him* bury me. My *mother*, *yet* go to him with me! although I speak not, and say once more for me how well, And once again on earth, how well I loved him! Tell him, sigh not for the unclouded dawn That soon is fair to me, but much more sweet When *then* my love shall come and meet with me. And now — dear mother — take me, for I die. Sweet is the far off music; but the dawn is clear, Wafted like love whispers from the yonder sea."

Then in cold — when the wan moon at midnight Looked down upon the high, wild, solemn pines, They carried her with silent footsteps, to the place. And not a bell tolled one sweet voice for her, As they departing left her in the grave. And he of whom she spoke, and loved, *Knew not* for many a weary, heavy month, The little dell where half his soul had gone. They told him not — *but her fair white hound* *Came*, and on the ninth, long caressed his hand.

Her hound he silent followed till the eve—
And there, the patient, lonesome dog went down
And moaned, and slept, long over Irmma's grave.

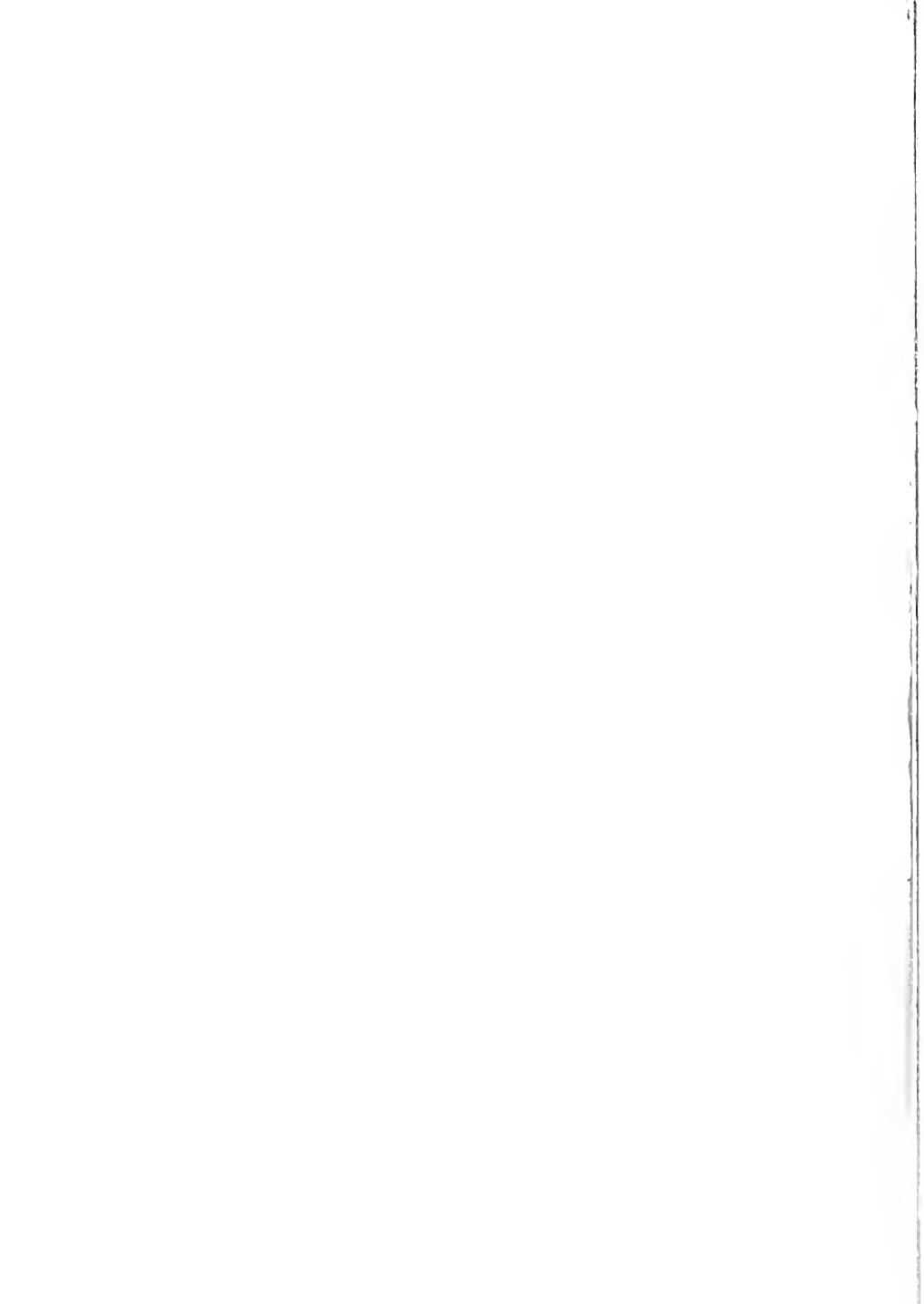
Now, lone travelers see naught here but stones.
These words were whispers from the "Tombs of
Irmma."

Ye hear who listen on the desert waste
This nightly song borne o'er the vapory deep.

I stand and watch the clouds sail by
And trace their filmy forms :
They seem so like her gauzy robes,
She wore in summer morns.
I hear her moaning in the wind.
I hear a shriek, up from the sea !
Oh ! the wailing, wailing sea ! --
I see beyond the stormy steepes
The cloud skirts of the dawn ;
They float up from the ocean leas
To marvelous music borne.
One thousand years I've stood *alone*,
At this same gate, my castle gate,
Oh, Irmma ! faithful unto thee.
Oh, could souls see with me !
And hear the sounds they do not hear,
See hands that beckon me.



And then the patient lonesome dog went down and moaned, and slept long over Irmina's grave.



THE SILENT SHADOWS.

I.

IS it a shade of sadness comes o'er me,
As I sit alone by the fire ?
Is it a whisper from the summers departed,
Flitting so vague on the stair ?

Is it a glimmer of a form I see,
Far away in the infinite ?
Is it my soul that murmurs to me,
In some soft rapture of night ?

No, none of these. "Tis the sweet light
Of a heart that has fled and gone,
Like a spirit that wandereth back to me,
A smile again in the dear old home.

Ah ! as I sit in the silent shadows near,
I can feel like the beating of wings,
The impalpable motion round me,
The throb of a thousand strings ;
And they bid me in the silence here,
Be calm, and patient, and still :
To labor and hope, though fear
Should rise like a storm o'er my will.

TO A. D.

DIED 1880.

WOULD you recall them from their rest,
The dear ones who speak with us no
more?

Would you enslave the mountain breeze,
In freedom wandering o'er some bright shore?

The flowers that touch the lowly ground,
Are ever sweeter in their *native* place;
And freer all new life our friend hath found
Though we meet not that darling face.

The glow that lit the pallid holy eyes,
Not night, now like the dawn to me,
Just rising o'er the gardens sweet,
And more than when I talked with thee!

Oh, angel in the sunny clime,
I know thy face indeed was fair!
Thy footsteps like the Zephyr air—
What think you — why so soon decline?

Is there a gleam, through twilight gloom?
Is there a dream of sweetness near by me?
For somehow I feel celestial morn
Must be so beautiful to thee.

Is it true, that life is dark with doubts?—
Ah yet, in half-belief light shines
In little glimpses of great thoughts,
That overflow the heart at times.

Clear dream-eyes, like bright stars of night,
Loved when flower bells bloom again,
In the long rapture of delight,
Do we behold through fear and pain.

HOME AND MOTHER.

HE noisy winds sound loud to me,
Perhaps a storm is on the wave ;
The chill stars seem so sad with me,
And mother is in her grave.

When our home is shut and silent,
So thin and few the voices there,
And about the solemn halls in darkness .
Vague footsteps beat the air,

Then in my old room so dear to mother,
When the dreary day has gone,
I often sit and wonder
If she knows I'm all alone.

And her portrait is looking at me,
Above the silent hearthstone there,
And her gentle spirit seems to stir me,
As I take her empty chair,

Speaks of the dear friends and the great ones,
Who long ago have left and gone,
But with their angel hands are beckoning
Us to keep as we begun,

Tells of the reward eternal,
The upward path they trod
And the triumph of achieving
Over the weary road :

Whispering of the joy and wonder,
However sad our certain lot,
The whole of life to conquer,
Whether in tears or not.

Flits to me this solemn message,
As we tread on with weary feet,
Calling from the dear old faces
"Come — at the gates Avilion meet!"



ODE.

TO WENDELL PHILLIPS AND LIBERTY.

AY! cast down thy faithless tyrants, earth!
And with thy pomp of power, oh, boast no more!

Lo! God hath given a son of liberty
To great Columbia's sounding shore.
Oh! shall the shadow wave above
Of *Crime*, that shook the belted world with ire?
And forged the chains with tyrannous fire?--
Look you, where that ghost departs,
Only in memory now, among the still slave marts.
Oh, fairest king of liberty!
Voice that spoke so eloquently
The noble of nobility.
Night and day, day and night forevermore,
Thy word, a prayer victorious, o'er and o'er,
Till powers in the growing worlds,
Mid all the rolling of the suns,
Say "Liberty" in the million tongues.

Tears — martyrs tears,
Are shed for him.
Another link in all that glorious chain,
Since faithful Lincoln fell,
Has parted with a cry of pain,
That throbs to every home and dell.
Wild, deep despair the parting brings;
But with the solemn pomp of kings,
Oh, let the nations bury him!
The shout that led our heroes on,

Faith's voice, though riven hearts complain,
Wells up refreshed this mundane dawn,
Re-echoes to the bounding main.

As that true knight of olden years
Met death with all his armor on,

So with all these seas of tears
Death came to our lamented one.

"Be true—" a voice calls from the deep,
The grace of manhood he hath left
Will live: and long the nations weep.

Flashing! down the noisy years,
And through wild days of faith and tears,
Liberty's leading light shall flame:
From that, men shall find cheer again!

Oh true! that great men when they die,
Like pilot-stars that gleam at night,

Were born for leaders and they lie,
In the mysterious depths of light.
Rear ye monumental mansions high
To that name!— deep worth that shall endure!
Long, proud Aeons of the far off years,
Will behold it, with fond hopes through tears:
Till red tyranny shall rise no more.

OUR FLOWERS IN THE AVILION.

OLD snows came down among the flowers,
And our roses drooped their leaves,
Yet warmer spring-time walked again ;
Calm fell the summer eves.

Indeed they seem like gentle flowers,
Sweet girlhood at the garden gate,
And they who smile in rapture's hours
With soft blue eyes dilate.

And when I hear the little feet
Patter o'er the even walk,
Oh, often, often do I think,
Death can never touch their thought.

My darlings in the early sun,
Dear children of our home -
For scarce our angels smile begun,
We wept for one was gone.

Yet we shall love them all once more
In the world of long delight,
For these flowers were not our own,
But changed to spirits bright.

TO THE G. A. R.

THE UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS AT OLD GETTYSBURG REUNION.



TER Gettysburg the moon wanes low,
 And calm the old Potomac rolls,
 But who can all recall the dead?
 In silence now those footsteps come and
 go.

On the cold fields no voices rise,
 Nor the yells of the warriors heard,
 As they loudly wailed, to the alarmed skies,
 That day on Gettysburg!

Oh, soldiers of the North and South,
 How well such union seems!
 Both softly sleep, low in the ground,
 When the stormy lightning gleams.

Clear-cut that dawn, and never yet
 Sun rose on sweeter fields;
 And as the gallant regiments went by
 How splendidly they marched to die.

Look! Look ye! where they come again,
 In ghastly squads below the moon!
 And marching o'er these fields so still
 You armed ghosts who met their doom.

2.

One general said with haughty mein:
 "Alas! how beautiful they look,
 Those thousand youths, in early prime,
 And their mothers! — where are they?"
 But he bit his lips, as our banners shook
 Through all that wild, wild day.

But they tramped onward thousands o'er,
In the glow of the golden morn,—
Above the starry banners streamed—
Down came the sound of the cannons boom,
While the battle-lightnings gleamed.
Oh, mother, where thy gallant son?
Oh, sister, where thy brother true?
Oh, father, where the boy of thy early dream?
When the battle lightnings gleamed.

Up! up, once more in the rushing tide,
Mid shot, and blast, and hissing shell.
Hark! — the cannons loud replied!
Be brave! — men. Charge once more.
And one by one, the boys in blue,
With bayonets fixed and keen, all bore
Down upon the wild mysterious tide,
Below our floating banners true,
While the cannons roar replied.

Down—down they went, the thousands
strong;
Dear eyes that once had smiled,
Dear hearts that mused that summer morn,
Sweet youth dismantled where it lay
As the cannons long replied.
And father met his son and brother there;
And, clash, and din were wild all day;
Oh, God! — no respite yet; no sunny side?
But the cannons long replied.

3.

To-night I stand on Gettysburg,—
And there is no breath or sound,
But my beating, throbbing heart,
Yet the rustle may be underground.
The bones of our noble boys, they rest.

They sleep, all sweet, our boys in blue
By the love-light airs of the balmy shore,
But the cannons sound no more.

Oh, shout on high my boys in blue,
From sunny south, to northern Maine,
The starry banner waves for you ;
Hail it ! — take courage once again.
A union comes, no crosses borne,
Eternal in the lands Avilion :
And there, no places where the fields are red
No South or North, no battles of the dead.



MY FRIEND AND I.

THROUGH the long, dim aisles of night
My soul meets his in the infinite.

Unnatural in this grave to lie!—

We drank life's wonder to the lees
And up the pleasant mount we went.

Oh! — oh, for the happy days gone by!

We laid him near the gloomy chestnut trees;
Think you he climbs Monadnock's rainy air?

His soul again, as vapor, when dead leaves fall,
And with the winds, comes up the hillside there.

Hear it, down the dusky winter twilight sigh:
“So sad — so dark, to say good by.”

In the darkness of night they glide like a dream
With the dallying shades of the long, long ago;
In darling-deep sadness for the days that have been,
The absent fond footsteps we are weeping for now.

The dearest souls — so lonely — sweep by us unseen,
And truer than a dream, yet not a dream.

But the Avilion watch-lights gleam!

Dead shadows are not what they seem.
So sad, so sweet, the words good by;

So true, those tears smile back good by,
And say that all the world will die.

2.

Despair but touches the morning golden,
A flash between dark and the Eternal:
From despair the soul riseth immortal,
And short the moan of the dirge.

Far on the shore, the home of the billows,
Loudly shrieks the sea at midnight :
And on the ruthless ledge of Minot
Echoes the wail of the surge.
At times through the vapors abysmal
Bewildered by the light's pale glimmer,
Flit lone birds that beat weary against it,
And there in the flash of a moment
Are dashed in the bellowing seas.
Like them are the souls in the billows
Of despair and sorrow round me.

Oh, we once hunted on the mountain side !
Have seen the drifting storm cloud wildly ride
O'er life's high peaks, and we have heard at night
The vague voice of some distant cataract
Echoing sadly lone from height to height.
Yes, we have heard dream-footsteps in the wind,
And loved to watch the dancing of the sea.
These once were loves, but there are deeper whispers
more to me.

UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS IN THE OLD PARLOR,
OR,
MOTHER'S PICTURE.

1.

GAZING in that still room at the portrait of mother,

I think of the dear ones long, long dead and gone;

And the children, like *dreams*, they cluster about me.

Hark ! without, I hear the wild death-beat of the storm.

Somehow the children's voices fall low into whispers ;

Oh ! — and the weary soul in me grows dumb.

While thinking of the long life-day of the absent —

For she is gone — once so beautiful, fair and young.

And the sweet love-eyes in the picture of mother,

Again look at me with the smiles of long, long ago ;
And from their depths once more comes gently the
. whisper,

“ My boy, my boy ; let not thy spirit droop so low.”

But the little children look up to me and wonder

What makes the warm tears gather in mine eye,
For they in innocence dream not that from mother,

Come sweet tidings from Home, where Love can
never die.

Deep love — deeper than grief ceaseless in weeping,

That calmeth a weary world in the long travel of
years,

The love of a departed, gentle, fond mother,

The love too full, too true, even too deep for tears.

And in those my fair and fairy days of childhood,

 Ah ! I feel them now so holy and so near !
I know there is thy blessing left me — mother,
 Though June gild not the hills with all those pleasant years.

But not to me alone is all thy love, my mother.

There are others, and another up across the blue,
To whom long love returneth ever, and forever —
 Returns to me the joy from whence the happy spirit drew

2.

Lonely in summer-darks, I dream with thee, my mother,
 And take a vision morn to miss thee more and more.

Yet, in beholding thy dear picture — mother,

 With thee I walk again a child, in and out the door.
And when the winter sunsets fall o'er lone oceans,

 And these children follow on, and I am gone with thee :

And once more I am thy little child, my mother,

 I shall thank thee for the long life of love thou gavest me.

Immortality shall reign with us, mother.

 Days, long days that were, will be sweet as summer afternoons,

And the vague strangeness in the wood, Death, that shadow,

 Again will never drown the splendor of the blooms.

And now thy blest, and unseen, gentle footsteps,

 Glide from out the dreary land of darkness into light :
I can, through my whole soul, feel those tender kisses,
 Know those hands, by their touches, reaching across the night.



Louana's home and the brook.

LOUANA.

THE turrets of the palace look
Like adder's tongues ; and down the walk
The purple flower bells droop.
Further down, the waters of the brook
Once quiet made their babbling tracks,
Now, alas, they roar in cataracts !

The times are changed, but I was young,
And musical the brooklet ran :
And all the pulses beating warm,
When Louana's darling feet
Gently touched her palace lawn.
The roses bent to kiss her feet,
The daisies told me she was sweet.

Too sweet, too sweet ! for they found
That which touched the days with horror —
And even now the palace lights burn red.
This lawn she walked is full of shadows.
The dead body of her lover ! —
Two red spots where her lilies blowed. —
The dead man laid across the path,
And in the path three fearful spots of blood.

What wonder that brook runs cataracts,
And all the world has turned to bane !
And in the dell are ghastly voices low —
Ah, me ! ah me, I loved her so.
I loved her so ! Louana, oh, Louana !

I walk to-night — I hate the path.
On high beyond her palace tower,

Look you how the moon glows red,
In the brook are purple spots--
There's a moaning in the flood,
And the moon looks like a disk of blood.

But I have learned more now.
Only a few years ago she loved,
Yet to me an age -- a weary age.
Was she too proud for me ?
Was she too kind to the one
Whose dead body they found,
Kinder to him than to me ?

Oh, little purple bells that blow
Beneath these weary, weary feet !
Oh, ground where summer daisies bloom,
Tell me of those little feet that trod
The dimples of this darkened lawn.

Oh, will the crimson shadows of the morn
Make my blood run happy yet ?
But thou moon, horribly red with blood !
Look down the same as ever when
Louana walked once here alone,
And with me, she saw thee then
Not a disk of blood as now, sad moon.

To-day I, for one moment have forgot
What I saw last night, while lost
In vague dreams, walking on the lawn.
On the dew-kissed grass now I lay
And let the warm sun change my icy heart.
Ah me ! But in my diary, with all,
With all its leaves that I have kissed
So much -- for here Louana's hand
Traced her own name -- thus and thus :
“ I love thee more my love, and more

Than ever I can *that* Leon Levane.”
And here she signed her darling name—
Louana — oh Louana, my sweet love.
And all the stars have told me more
Last night. I do not meet her at the door
This morn, or any morn — *any* morn !
Oh these sad years — and she is gone.

In my diary I find this story yet remains—
Reminds me of the happy days. Those days were
Death’s.

Leon Levane. Oh, Leon Levane !
Thus the diary sayeth as I read.
Tears warm my pale, cold cheeks.
Warm, and warm as ever beats my heart —
Where art thou, Louana my love ?

She loved me. Her white roses knew all.
They laid in sleep, or rose and fell
That night upon her gentle, panting breast,
And then her roses folded in their rest.
But this is what my diary sayeth,
'Tis true. Oh, I remember well — well.
But those spots of blood were in the dell.
The path is only worn a little more,
Thoughtless souls tread it o'er and o'er.
They know not what I know,
And if I told the whole, they would not care to
know.

Leon Levane, I hate thee ! I hate thee !
I wish thou wert dead, Leon Levane !
Thus my diary wildly reads —
Can she be anything at all to you?
You love her — what of that?
Can that make amends for me?
Do I think any better of you for that ?

If you should put your ear to the rose
That slept over her heart last night,
Would it whisper, would it sing,
Whisper to your soul a whisper sweet—
No it would not, to you it *could* not,
O, Leon! lost Leon Levane.

I hate to see your foolish, love-lorn eyes
Watch the palace lawn she treads,
I hate to see you spin your golden threads :
You think for her you weave your net
Of strange, most idiotic love,
I tell you she hates you, Leon Levane !

Sweet Louana of the South,
Thy roses tell me thou art sweet,
The lily's tender petals bow
When thy red lips they meet,
How often, dearest, in thy dreams
Do the forget-me-nots I kissed,
And sent to you, my love,
How often do they falter near thy cheeks ?
I dream those tender cyclids press
Those flowers I gave from my sad heart :
To you murmur all my love,
And love you in your restlessness.

When the moonlight's silver gleams
Fall across thine own couch of silken down,
I see thee smiling in thy dreams,
You kiss the flowers, your room is still,
I dream you press my hand
In all your gentle sleep below the gold moon beams,
And to the casement now you glide :
Pull back the dusky curtains blown
Where the night winds take my thought to thee,

I breathe my love across the night to thee ;
And in my dreams you waft to me
What your roses hear you lisp.

Last night I listened to your rose,
The one you sent — it whispered well
The word you breathed. Tell me, Oh tell !
To the rose I said. It answered, "I love."
I listened to your lilacs sweet, so sweet.
They said, "I come ;" and your little jonquils
Laughed their golden laugh, "I come ;"
And your bunch of violets said, "I will, I will ;"
And you sent these flowers with all your love.

But has Leon Levane had violets ?
Oh, no. I caught him listening to a rose —
It said naught, and all the petals fell,
Then my heart beat loud, " 'tis well, 'tis well."

He mopes like a silly king I know,
Who has lost his pride and crown of gold.
Ah, me ! What of that, that ?
Up at the fort they think I'm engaged,
And the old gossiping nurse declares
There's a bright, strange look in my eyes.

What of that ? Is it love or hate ?
For I know not which is the greater,
My love of beautiful Louana,
Or my hate for the fool that stands in my way of late.

I dreamed there were three spots of blood
In the path that led o'er the lawn,
A murderer was hunted over the road —
The sky looked dreadfully red at dawn.
The sky was fearfully red at dawn.

Further on my diary says,
To-day I wander to the brook,

O, little brook flow sweet,
Beyond the palace wood,
The pines and larches meet,
The love-deep music of the flood.
My angling line is in the stream,
The pickerel lazy sleep,
To me the flower bells seem
Dying in a wild love dream.

Sunny the bank of green, all sun my heart,
Which dreams deeper of love, oh, heart !
The full rose blooms at my feet ?
Louana oft here hath pressed
With her neat little form above ?
Or my heart for her that will beat and beat ?

I have forgotten my line, my love,
And the fish has cleared with my bait.
Oh, Louana, Louana my dove !

Beautiful eyes ! transporting light !
Sensorial deeps to me.
Love dream splendors — not of night —
Wild dreams, wild dreams ! look back on me !

Not the unrelenting woe
When Venus' frown denies,
Vexeth more where'er I go
Than those imperial eyes.

Stars of Lethcean twilight they,
Fair of new unclouded dawn,
Flashes flitting to the day,
Sweet blue from perfect gold-dewed morn.

And this was the little song I sang,
While the brooklet waters ran.

Ah, me ! could my soul forget,
Even for a moment, cease to dote
O'er Louana's glorious eyes —
They, below such golden ringlets set,
Oh, to be caught in such a gilded net !
Oh, to die with so fair a mate.

Louana, oh, come and be
My little rose crown round my brow ;
Come be my diamond finger ring,
That I may clasp thee now.
Come be my golden locket fair,
Wherein your picture sweetly rests
That I against my bosom wear.
O, be my diadem forever more —
No king a finer gold will bear
On crowned brow of state divine ;
No scepter that can rule me well,
Not half so deeply charmed as thine.

Oh, all these wood flowers, sing
Our marriage lays in happy hours —
Let the darling violets ring
Their little perfect bells and sing.

Burns the low sun in his torrid wastes,
But I forgot. See the sun set.
The robin trills his latest trills ;
The brook laments in purple rills ;
Hark ! listen ! cracks the bush
Down by the winding river path.
Oh, oh, the curse ! the damned path.
What you, Louana, coming now ?
And on your arm, Leon Levane !
I saw them turning by the rock
Where the streamlet bends and raves.

You *kissed* her in that dusky wood,
I *hate* you! — *damned* Leon Levane!

I clenched my hand, my teeth were set,
I tell you blood can stain a lily hand,
I could not bear to see him take
Her lily hands at all in his,
My palms were sore with pinching,
My teeth were edged in clinching,
I heard my heart beat, and beat,
My blood, I felt it rave and leap.

Her ring that twined my finger broke,
I threw it in the raving stream,
Oh, for the days that once have been!
Oh, Louana, mine! — mine? not mine,
What are *your days* that once have been?

From the woods I turned and wept,
Tears, even tears — tears of death are naught,
I hate thee Leon Levane,
Louana, your love was dearly bought,
I thought you loved me, me!
Never yet shall dawning rise
Over such full, all lovely eyes,
But Louana — *forever* I am dead,
Each morn and even dies,
Bury me, Louana, come by my grave,
I'll hear you walking o'er my head!
Oh, that all the shaded orbs
Of useless, useless earth would sink,
Where, Louana, thine eyes looked through,
The pale clay of the grave will touch with dew,
Keen, lone shadows of purple night
Will sweep o'er thy loveliness,
Thou, oh, thou wast born to love me,
Leon Levane what hast thou *taken from me*.

But Leon is the brother of a count,
Louana fancies a golden crown,
And a purse full of glitter and trash.
What if the palace should fall in a crash ?
Glass houses are never secure.
But she is proud ! and yet am I.
Leon Levane limps like a dog
That was cowed by a king long ago.
Would it be easy *for him* to die ?
Who knows but leaving his gold
And all his palace of wealth,
Will make him suffer more in death ?
Who knows but my revenge will be
Better tho' shamefully better for this.
Oh, I am proud, I care not for a king,
They that *fools* love, love royal blood,
Would it not be better for me to die ?

In a month I went by the lawn ;
And the rose blooms by her palae vase
Were withering in a wild, wild disgrace.
"Oh, once there was gold under the urn,"
She said, and I heard her laugh
A strange and scornful laugh.
But her words, they would burn - -
Till she touched the edge of the vase
And an adder ran out from under the urn.

And what is the adder of love ?
I thought, while I dreamed a dream
Of the night. Stars were not stars,
But all had changed to threats like war,
Burned in blood like the orb of Mars.
"Twas a year I wandered forlorn,
And every morn was *not* morn,
All days began with a dark shroud of storm.



The Elopement.

By ladder from her window high,
Eloped with Leon Levane.
Oh, Louana mine, you *will not be* mine,
Tho' ages roll in all the golden seas of time.

They will find my robes at that brink,
They will think I am dead and gone,
Who died with a heart forlorn.
I hear in the street below,
Oh, the sound of marriage bells !
The feast is spread, the lights are lit.
Oh, the sound of marriage bells !
Not, not for my weariness of soul —
They are the joy for my own death, —
Those bells are all for thee, Leon Levane.

It was *not* a wedding night,
It was a night of death !
The lights were in the hall ;
Like summer dreams the music soft
Was wafted down the palace lawn,
They meant a happier morn.
I passed the gate. In darkness dire
The path I found, that hellish ground,
In the dark he thought to smother me,
And grasped me by the throat, the dog !
Across that path he laid —
Oh, proud, Leon Levane !
But the gash within his breast
I did not stop to see.
But I knew he was dead,
When he lays in his grave
I'll kick the stone from its head.

THE GHOST TOUCHED ME.

I.

HE IS ringing call, no more shall sound
His Along the long, wild, shadowed glen;
 Must leave his gold to other men,
 His gallant horses to the ground.

Lone years to miss him whom we loved,
 Who danced with us below the lights,
 Who joyous sang through revel nights —
 What though he from his grave hath roved!

Doth he forget us? when night glows
 Again — when our loud voices ring?
 Forget to join us while we sing,
 His feet to tread the place he knows?
 Unseen, who glides in happy hour,
 Whom earth hath loved, and he hath cheered,
Will roam about his home adored,
 Dare turn the door-knob yet once more.

II.

Before my easel puzzled long
 I sit. He whispers, "Paint this shade."
 Thus-wise are all the great songs made:
 Some spirit guides each poet's song.

They know me not, friends by my side.
He stands back of my shoulders now!
 As when he talked with me below!
 Shakes hands, as once before he died.

No touch of gloom can shade his doors,
Where God's eternal sunlights play,
Nor blind the tracks of night nor day,
Nor waste the fullness of the hours.

All still, marvellous motions made,
Along the far harmonious deep,
Are changes constant made to change,
By one who made fair eyes to weep.

What are the little sounds we make,
Across the infinite of thought ?—
Let constant Faith, not knowledge break,
Our heavy breathing sleep of doubt !

I have love of these beautiful choirs
That glide at the shade of the day ;
Sweet is their advent when I falter
Over life's—relentless—long way.

The long way that is circled with shadows
Round a watcher that comes in the night,
For among them beat softly the footsteps
Of my dear one now living in light.

And like the glimmering, shrouded vapors,
That climb again Monadnock's solemn height,
Behold—once more the angel presence !
I wander—alone—with him to-night.

Why not ?—though we laid him down to slumber,
So cold, who climbed the mountain dim, with me,
On Monadnock, saw the stars together,
And both gained the same old victory.

STEPS OF SUCCESS.

VET your fond hopes ungained?
Oh your full joy is not in gaining!
Neither should God be blamed.

Take life, the freshness of its coming,
This wild ghost by the mane!
The voices in the holy conscience
Will give thee strength again.

Nobler the man who lives in patience
Though all his work may fail!—
Keeping happy when not succeeding
Shows God in faces pale!
Pale with the midnight watches dreary,
Pale with long, deep despair,
Pale with the labor of the weary,
With the wild stress of care.

Then on, on!—go, while yet 'tis morning
While the full heart is young,
To look back in rapturous triumph
To days of duty done—
Remembering that in the striving
Is glory that will bless:
Sometimes life's doom of solemn sadness
Will bring the best success.

Tho' king in workshop or in war,
Or whether fortuned, great or poor,
Before God we are just *what* we are
And nothing more.

ANDATO.

I THINK with the silence in the mountains :
I feel the clouds ; I feel the stars, the trees ;
Know the dark Supreme's eternal fountains,
For now my darling dead, sleep sweet in these.

When we wake from all this life of slumber,
And care, a dream, is never more,
Meeting loves, once torn from us asunder,
It will seem strange we wept so o'er and o'er.
In these rooms of grief, unrest and shadow,
Some whisper fills our dear one's place ;
Yet in our lone home of gloom and labor,
Looks in that dear, calm, pleasant, loving face.

If from here alone our friends departed,
God went with them through the silent door.
They rest in nature, oh tender hearted.
No voyage, but meeting, and the shore.

Watching, in the dim primeval silence
Across the first vapor dawn of stars,
The ideal, the living souls were wafted.—
Still there for us beyond the golden bars.

NATURE'S REST IN RAPTURE.

THE long, o'ershadowing hours delighted,
Grew tremulous like light upon the purple stream,
With music deep at dusk, or murmuring,
Still as the night falling down in dream.
Then beat, dear heart, in the rose-bloom shower,
Transported from all dolorous beams.
Vague whispers watted o'er gold-green woods
Voiced dulcetly, and light I dipt the oar.
Then fell a calm deeper than twilight :
And the moon came down and touched
Amorously the fairy prow,
And danced before dull saddest eyes,
Glittering, ever smiled below,
Silver censer, fallen fair, to rise !
And I all forgot I breathed,
Ecstatically lost, and lulled with dream,
Wondering, what meant so sweet an hour,
While subtle-paced old night,
Knew the eternal stars athwart the stream.
Fair slept low islets lovelier blown
Than lilies hidden in meadow grass,
With kiss-dews o'er sad wavelets, under gloom,
In the pleasant sea-bathed marsh ;
Voices that lower in the evening sigh,
Than dear words on lips of lovers die ;
Echoes that murmur to the forlorn heart
A sweetness of the far away.
Dwells the coolness of the seasons here,

And the long, soft, music of the evermore.
The pale, tall weeds, pull downward,
And the closed flower-bell sleeps in calm,
Upon this most enraptured shore.

And to me, the midnight stream,
Seen no more as water,
But changed into all-moody thought.
Weary my soul, yet knew the Avilion Lights;
My thoughts not in the arms of death, but life,
For indeed I could not even die,
And every dream recrowned me, like a wreath.
As it were, the dim passionless air,
Long wandered o'er the silent stream
Far off, and where the fragrant grove
Down-beat the yearly cone,
And the white birch swung down.

Sounds died o'er the night beyond,
Voices that vex the daylight world;
All envy, hatred, foolish scorn,
Dins of life — they wholly failed,
For nothing here was sorrow-born;
But all was sleeping infinite,
And Love's face ever glimmered near,
For dear Nature's once sullen harp,
Thrilled in wondrous delight,
And there seemed no shrouds of night.

Blame not thou my heart, if hating
Full to wake from holy rapture,
To a low, dumb, insatiate world! —
Will the day dawn? and we whirl
Lifeward to the torrid fields,
Where the charm will all be broken?

Oh, sweeter the little calms we know,
Awhile abiding where the soft winds blow,—
'To rest beside the wandering stream,
Than to hear our harpstrings throb so low!
Dearer the dream, the love-born lingering hour,
Than ever the cold, repining want :
The eternal fret : the unattempted shore.



Where Ann's roses bloomed.

ANNA AND THE ROSES.

1.

AND now the whirling winds have come to-night
upon the icy fields;
The snow is on her grave — darling — and the
moon across it gleams.

Last spring I went to call her — gently, but she would
not heed,

Tho' the same last fall the golden rod shed down its
tender seed.

In the high and yellow corn, brother, in the early
autumn days,

Her doves would come and coo for her; but now they
too have gone beyond the distant waves.

Shut her little chamber window — brother — shut the
dove-house door,

There they'll never come to see her — *darling* — *dar-*
ling — or love her any more.

2.

Don't you remember Albert the week before she
died?

We rode up to the village, with pale Anna by our side:

And there in the lonely cottage, we saw the rose-bud
sweet —

And Anna said — "when the flowers shall bloom where
shall we meet!"

Don't you remember the tears, Albert, came in our
saddened eye!

For you felt, dear brother, that Anna soon would die.

Then she bent and let her waxen fingers touch the budding flower.

And said -- "I want it when it blooms! when it blooms you will know the hour."

Anna *loved* the tender plant, and God smiled upon the rose.

And all the leaves expanded green by Him who loves and knows.

And you, you promised it to Anna, 'till the day,
And we turned from the lonely cottage, and then we rode away.

But on the twelfth -- at midnight -- when the winds blew cold and shrill,

And the horned moon was setting, beyond the high pine hill:

Don't you remember brother? -- there was strange music murmured low,

And you thought it whispered "Anna" -- It said, "that she must go."

Then you woke me, Albert, and said, "the angels called her home;"

And we were awake all night, brother, Oh, in the wild-est night of gloom.

And the weary winds wailed about the empty house below.

And the candle flickered on the wall, when the morn-ing stars were low.

Then came a smile across dear Anna's sweet and pallid face,

Lighting up across the darkness, a shadow borne apace.

Oh, the dawn glowed sweet as ever, with the violet by
the rill,
With the mallows in the meadow, and the daisies on
the hill;
And the deep and mellow morning, bloomed again
upon the balmy moor,
But Anna laid in beauty—brother—would smile to us
no more.

Then don't you remember—always!—how they brought
the opening flower?

And said: "She wished it when it blooms; when it
blooms—you will know the hour;"

For the rose had bloomed so perfect, that morn, so
calmly bland.

Yes you took and laid it, brother, in her cold and
waxen hand.

Sister Anna lies in rest—still and white, perfect as the
rose,

For her soul hath bloomed again, in rapture, where-
so'er she roves.

We shall sometimes hear the angels, Albert, chanting
low with her.

For she thinks it not farewell, waiting for us to talk of
things that were.

3.

And now, dear brother—when I sleep—and the night
is *clear* and still,

I think I see her little grave, brother, and a light above
the hill.

Bright it looms about a blessed garden, far, far away,
And Anna is ever there "among the roses" fair as the
golden day.

Pray, Oh brother! wait and hope—for we must wait
and weep!

But sometimes, I even hear her *footsteps*—a music
low and deep.

And on the far off wings of morning, in early crimson
light,

I hear a voice: but the cold starlight gleams upon her
grave alone—so long, long, at night.

I shall be weeping when the springtime snows are
melting from the wood,

And the winds are bringing sweetness, brother, upon
the summer flood.

Oh then I shall not meet her, where the early roses
blow,

Coming up the long green yard, where she, darling,—
darling—loved to walk with you.

But at night, down by the willows, bathed in the shin-
ing of the stream:

When the bright, warm fields, brother, are resting
sweet in dream:

There, still we will hear the whisper of her calling, far,
far away,

And her low, and ceaseless warning of the immortal
day.

THE VOYAGE OF THE SOUL.

SLEEP my soul in all thy solemn sleep !
Till the happier morning break with light
Far o'er thy dark face, O wandering deep !
Void why dream I, lonely in doubts torment,
Lost in thoughts, long, long ripe fields of night ?
Cease, cease, looking back *in self*, all torn
In the hate-o'ershadowed years forlorn !
Lo ! fresh, full-hearted rosy Hope,
Clear star, is laughing for the morn !
Soul was wafted outward on life's chill waves,
Boisterous waves, more deep than tears at Death,
What second I know not, in what full days ;
Time beckoning. The past sleeps low, in dream,
And the long cycles of deep, burdened, years,
Are touched, as I look back, with Love, God's gleam,
O'erflown regret, the sacred gleam of tears ;
For through those wild eyes re-orient glowed Love,
And lamentation stilled the earth born fears.
On, on !—my yearning Soul. More light ! new worlds.
Ask, till broods the purpling night below
Of Time, all days of time sighing : "Yes. No."
As quenched stars contemplations fell. I here,
As one charioted in gold, vain gold,
Unto that sunlight-land beyond called dawn.
Ere long, a voice came up the relentless deep :
"Grief is what men make themselves fear. Alas!"
My despair cried: "Trust ! Light followeth sleep."
Men were weeping when I came to long thought ;
And blood flown hills gleamed with bright swords of
war :
And this was my first scene mundane — Ah me !

Men battling human beasts, to learn the art
Of morals through Aeons, that wrong might flee,
Evolving truth. Then on Life's morning sea
Great winds arose, and long triumphant blew,
Blew from the cardinal points, Goodness, Sin,
Faith, Force, smote my life-sails impelling me.

Sin came chilling in wild gusts, ever North,
Mocking Death: but constant from garden-lands
Good smiled, ambrosial, from the summer South,
Inviolate Faith, and Force, rolled to the strand
Life's ocean with high winds; I drifting South,
O long I battled with the sounding waves!
The prow bent toward those tropic Island-lands,
To that sweet Home-land of the immortals,
I strengthened by contending Faith and Force.

I yet in life? On the great ocean rolled
Around me. Only at times the dim mist
Lit ted, when I saw those Holy Palms
Tremble golden, below the stormy East.
I passed the Sirens. I passed Toil's dark capes,
On the syenite shores men had long built
Temples, glorious to their idol Gods,
Whose lamps outshone the dawn. Go where thou wilt
Life said, "deep lie *nations* beneath earth's sods."
O'erworn, in calms of night, I studied long,
Thought was childish, forth-feeling, like a dream;
Till the low, pilot-stars flashed victor-lights:
Until man's God Himself near me did seem.
Then indeed, I well felt God made the world.
Ah! Evolution's Ghost in shadow came:
Said: "She made the world," then that shadow fell,
Only on the great deep to rise again.
"Through doubt comes Faith!" I heard a wild voice
knell:

And on I sailed, with all that weight of thought:
Saw the beauty of pearly-peaks on shore:
Heard deep music — deeper than Love's death-sighs;
Yet the vast, Life-waves lashed, and wailed, and
roared.

Lifted their backs, till tears were in mine eyes.
Men worshiped. Wild the light grew tremulous,
Neither full day, nor night, as when one dies.
Ah me! — as time, my soul could not return,
But my whole heart with *Hope* must thrill and burn.



TRMMA.

THE NEW YEAR'S BRIDE.

1.

SHARP diamond-eyes of crystal tell,
Soft twinkling by the moon :
And through the night, to dance in gloom,
The frost cut keen the star-crowned hill.
The wild dogs in the glens were hushed :
Affluent notes of blue-birds call :
Silent the frozen waterfall,
And eddies round the under brush,
From wood to wood of Birches lone,
The white s'et smote the dreary shore,
As though the spring could come no more,
Hark ! — loud the reed swamp pipes its moan.
December blew his trumpet blasts,
Across the g'are of glossy rill,
Reverberant from hill to hill,
Wild through the sullen, sea-blown marsh.
From icy wood, from grot to dell,
They chanted through the reeds and thyme,
Whirling by the snow-ghost pine,
And wild our New Year's evening fell.

2.

"Spread wide, with gold, the wedding feast,"
Rang loud through bower and hall :
In all the lighted walks below,
To the snow bound vines that clasped the wall,
From where ambrosial waters flow,

Bring pearls of which the orients tell,
And let them grace adorning well,
That dearest brow of all below.

Twine roses where they queenly grow;
Let lilies in the bridal wreath;
Bring asphodel, sweet breath;
Twine crocus, little cups of snow.
Let loudly ring from town to hill,
The music blown from hall to hall;
Let fairy footsteps lightly fall,
And echo to the wintered rill.

It is for us the Bride's New Year!
Oh hear the song of marriage bells!
And laughing girls adown the dells,
And merry sleigh-bells ringing clear.
One rosy cheek is flushed with light,
The silver harps are twined with flowers;
Look! Venus skirts the airy hours,
And thousand lamps are burning bright.

3

And the sounds of the shuddering ice on the hills
of snow,
And the saddened light of the early morn, made
the dawn sigh loud in its woe.

Then a phantom, flitting in the wan light said :
“ Ah, Bridegroom, and thy heart ! — thy Love ! —
Thou art no more than a firefly glimmering
Through the short cycle of a summer even.
Mortal ! the hour of thy joy is all too short,

For the star of thy life, and thy early love, hath
strangely come to naught —

For know you not, your little bride *is dead!*—
Down the dreary road-ways, of the leafless, barren
elms,
The winds came deeply sighing, from the dim and icy
realms.
Upward from the village mourned the murmur deep
and low —
“The bride is gone! — she is among the holy angels
now,”
Not a sound rose from the mansion, in the dreary
morning hour,
For there slept a face of beauty, blushing never,
never more.

The people saying, “She hath a deeper heart than
mine,”
Only loving her in early youth, to see her swift de-
cline.
Her comrades gathering solemn, like buds ripening to
the rose,
O'er this form of a withered lily, drooping in the New
Year's snows,
And now one golden ringlet fluttering in the bitter
cold,
Holds a tear-drop streaming downward to her gar-
ments fold.

Oh, the cold, deceiving New Year, darker than an
angry storm! —
Oh, fair young girl, — darling — darling — of a warmer
clime!
Tears shed in this bitter morning, are foregleams of a
happier time.
Tears, fond tears! — oh, forever hallowed, forever
ever more,

But I hear the gloomy crape low rustle on the mansion door.

One by one, with solemn paces, leaving slow that iron gate,

The mournful company departed, and still she slept in state.

Oh, Irmma! oh, my silent Irmma! — why shouldst thou, all such marble be?

Down in the early flowering meadow, you will never walk with me! —

But silence! — the long summers, dearest, dearest, will always shine this side the sea,

And thy garden's darling roses, I shall lonely, lonely trim for thee!

Yet in the dreamy places of thy rest, when the dark is deep and still,

The flowers may hear thy gentle footsteps and the wind will come and go at will.

4.

Lone shadows loved to sweetly fold, in love, around her,

Lying in the sunset softly, like her days that were.

Calm was there — and breathless, kindly nature deeply knows —

Calm as in a closed cathedral holy, where an unseen footstep roves.

They brought the crown of marriage, dreaming of departed hours,

Twined them round her marble brow — the bridal crown of flowers.

The queenly rose, bringing, growing where the warm winds blow,

Emblems of her coming springtime, crocuses, dearest cups of snow.

Tenderly, tenderly, crowded they — silent — round
the bier.

Heaping all her *marriage* flowers upon her, in the even-
ing drear:

And writing on her pall with lilies, the name of
"Irmma" there,

They heard the voices calling her across the icy air.

So there was no *earthly* wedding — no, none!

And all the doors were closed, and the dawn broke
From twilight, early, pale, and with the snows.

Next even lay in all its glory,

Clear, and beyond the southern gates,

Across one wide infinitude of sea,

Gleamed the home of the immortals.

"Earth is earth — the place of parting,"

Saith the New Year. He sternly wept.

Then the Old Year with all he bore,

That he had gathered while he staid,

And with Irmma — the rose-bud dead —

Sailed like a phantom through the twilight,

Moving for the home beyond the sunset

Vanishing with Death and to the stars.

Winter's white dawn will die into the deep,

And Gemini sail again triumphant,

Bathing in the azure depth of May:

From June's sweet hill, dew wafted all the bloom,

Of fragrant summer, freshening the blue sea.

Sweetest resting o'er the grave of Irmma.

The flowers, the grasses, ever lonely bowing,

Will weep for her the summer's silvery dew:

The whippoorwill will softly come and go;

And there, the evening winds will ever wander.

The sun set, and left the grave in silence,
Filling twilight with shadows infinite,
Her *unseen footsteps* in a land of lovely dreams.
And outward, from the dark and solemn deeps,
Came up celestial voices through all the night: --
And she will walk a Bride forever
In garden homes of *long, long* love and light,
Far in the sweet valley of Avilion.



LITTLE MAY.

THERE'S lonely agony in the blast,
The storm-wind beats my door,
Sister, so feeling I will die,
I almost dread the flowers once more;
For thinking if next pleasant June
Come not again for me,—
When to me the hills will fold in gloom,
This sweetest flower will bloom for thee.
And if, dear sister, it be true,
And so this little flower remain,
Remembering still, this child I know
I shall in rapture clasp again.
Oh, dearest of my life and heart!
Oh, little friend with golden hair!
Indeed it were so hard to part,
She tripped into the room, so fair.
Oh, little heart so pure and true!
And darling eyes of sparkling light,
My whole soul goes out to you.
Dear angel with the upward flight,
And can it be that such were given,
Too sweet of mind for earth alone?
They light our weary steps to heaven,
They cheer our burdened years of gloom.
Simplicity is more than fame,
"Of such shall great kingdoms be,"
Said one who ruled sublimity,
And calmed the primal void of sea.
Oh, wild, ambitions, troubled years!
With all the joy, and pride, and pain,

How many heart-breaks wild with tears !

Who would not be a child again ?

Ah, fair spirit, and not flesh !

That makes her cheeks a sweeter rose,

Affection's warmth of soul, the blush

A sign from God her mother knows.

'Tis winter in our soul and hearts,

Joy through all the household dies,

Till her fair lip in smiling parts

And smile those pretty eyes.

The years are wreathed with roses, love,

To him who knows this little child :

This light that comes from other suns,

A poet's dream, this rainbow child.

Her looks are like the freshening spring

Warm after long cold showers,

A sunbeam in her mother's house,

First flower among the flowers ;

Dear as the lilies perfect bloom,

And beautiful as they,

All night a sleeping angel here,

God's promised sign by day.

God sowed a handful of these flowers,

That flashed Love's starlight o'er Life's pain,

To dally, through these morning hours,

Only to take them up again.

Like some bright spirit o'er my soul,

Will she in all my grief attend ?

And while our weary days may roll

May Heaven guard my little friend.

And if her life be drenched with tears,

And Care press on his iron mail,

God's promise doth not fail in years

Whea loud the angry storms prevail.

THE WEDDING.

1.

IT was the Bridegroom won our prize of Summer,
And loved in joy our perfect flower,
That smile that glanced from deep blue eyes
delighted,
Till Spring foretold the bridal hour.

2.

Damps of disease did pale those lips departed,
And closed those sweetest eyes in night,
As balms that rest o'er fields of evening gold at harvest,
Repose came o'er her days of light.

3.

The Bridegroom came and took the child forever,
And our mother wept aloud,
One grey, drear morning, cold with windy voices,
They laid her in her snow-white shroud.

4.

That night an angel went away from trial,
And her Bridegroom's name was "Death."
She left us as the peaceful suns of Summer,
Go down with evening's calmest breath.

5.

On earth no more shall we behold our bride in beauty,
But clasp her in the silence of our love,
Where she, a dear and holy angel smiles triumphant,
In more expansive homes above:

O.

And in the long days of deep, untold affection,
We, wandering on the far-off happy shore,—
Shall raise no more the solemn lamentation,
Beholding her in some sweet, brighter hour.



BALLAD.

BOSTON BELLS.

ACROSS the isles that skirt the deep
Of my fair azure, Boston bay,
I hear their sensuous voices sweep,
Voices sweet,
At this still close of summer day,
Sound nightly, o'er the dreamy shore,
In echoes far, o'er hill and fells,
So calm, when I shall weep no more!
Weep no more,
O! quaint and dear old Boston bells.

In years gone by, their midnight tone,
When rose the gentle sound I love,
Awoke my slumber in the gloom,
In the gloom,
Like some known whisper from above;
And once our country wept — and battle's call
Did waft at morn across our dells;
We heard their deep, wild music fall,
Wild music fall,
Our loved and best old Boston bells.

Within the parlor lit and bright
Of golden feast they once did tell,
The bride and groom about the lights;
About the lights,
They rang as happy marriage bells,
Those bridal morns, those funeral hours,

Fade low as clouds along the hills,
Our friendships waste like summer flowers,
 Like summer flowers,
But still ring on, yon Boston bells.

At eve sighs Arlington's sweet chimes
 And once on wings of midnight cloud,
The Old South, mournful beating time,
 Beating time,
 Back to old Brattle answered loud.
Oh, now I hear those bells of yore:
 My boyhood days to me they tell —
They say that youth will come no more,
 Will come no more,
 But long will ring old Boston bells.



UNSEEN FOOTSTEPS

IN THE OLD WOODS.

I.

AGAIN the day is sweet,
Again the summer calls,
And to the deep, wild wood
I pass the wattled walls.
Oh, vacant years have fled and gone
Since Emma was a bride
And trod where all this place did bloom,
Down by this sunny side.
These high trees echoed to her laugh,
And every bird sang sweet;
Or when she stepped the garden path,
The deer was not more fleet.
I saw her early ere she was
A dear and fairy bride,
And heard her little feet so soft,
Along the grasses glide.
What do these wild-lands whisper now?
" 'Twas twenty years ago,
She happy came and went by us,
And sung us all she knew."
And so the full air even spoke,
And hinted where she went:
For I had but a young heart then,
And knew what love-dreams meant.
And these flowers laughed out: "She was sweet,"
This streamlet laughed with her:



She brought her loved guitar, sang to one shining star.

Oh, every bird that I should meet,
Sang : "Fair her tresses were."
The trees have grown a little since,
Or lost their early grace,
For oh, indeed, I think they miss
Her dear and happy face !
She plucked red roses many a time —
Of her they were a part :
Oh, happy flowers ; indeed they were,
To sleep so near her heart.
Because they missed her — they too, died,
Felt not her fingers press
Their downy robes, at eve, and dawn,
Or knew her soft caress.

2.

Her "Unseen Footstep" seems so near,
The brooklet babbles well to me,
And makes me think of her ;
For in the dry and heated noon,
She came where lilies were ;
And letting fall a robe or two,
All heedless by the stream,
Unrobed a fair and dimpled arm,
Kissed by a lone sunbeam.
More careless still a shoulder white,
And further down and more
Peeped out, and dashed by flitting light
Through branches hanging o'er.
And gathering up with flowers her *skirts*,
Sly-standing in the stream,
The sun laughed through the lily leaves,
Two perfect ankles gleamed.
And then she stood, and let the trout,
Soft-tickle at her feet,

While down her sunny hair would roll,
And all the lilies meet.
Ah, then she looked, and saw herself
Reflected in the tide,
Oh, then indeed she was a sylph,
Of happy Sunny Side!
The green bank dearer grew to me,
I, thinking how she stood,
A lily of the lily flowers :
The *maidie* of the wood.
And I asked me even all I dared ;
How did the sky look through ?
How bound she up her golden hair ?
How smiled her eyes of blue ?
There underneath the leavess of June,
She seemed a poet's thought,
When spirit wanders in a dream,
In golden rapture wrought :
Or like some unknown morning star,
And undiscovered here,
Some sweet ideal far away,
In poesy's sunny year :
As if could grow another flower,
Embracing all in one,
A world within itself, a power
In silent sweetness born !

A.

The white pine's little winged leaves
Would stray to kiss her there,
Would lose themselves like spirits light,
Then fly away in air.
Indeed the seeds were hearts, for near,
Has sprung the sighing pine.

With top, a robe of darkness drear,
To weep for her decline.
Or then, one little fortuned seed,
That lit,—'tis hard to tell,
Hath flown away to other woods,
Where they in glory dwell.
But then, their secret well they keep,
And tell me not of her.
They are caressed by nature's winds
That tease the sturdy fir—
Just as she could haunt the glen
Or graceful, through it glide;
Or sing the songs that once have been,
When she sat by my side.

4.

"Twas once -- a lone, low shaded eve,
She brought her loved guitar,
And from the web her heart could weave,
Sang to one shining star.
And the far-off orbs would seem to dip
Come near her happy eyes;
So sweet she was they touched her lip
As light on water d'ies.
The birds within the maple wood
That night fell not asleep,
And nature kept the happy mood
To hear her numbers deep:
And now, O heart! -- these murmuring leaves,
Repeat them in their song,
For she did charm the mountain breeze,
Remembering her so long.
And can I ever full forget,
The eve I heard — that hour?

The voice that died on that fair lip,
Re-echoed down the shore.
And in the yonder dark pine grove—
I seem to *hear* her there! —
Or through the depth her shadow move,
Light “footsteps” beat the air.
But I am waking from my dream.
 Oh all the woods reply
And whisper, when I call her name!
 “I in the wood-land lie”!
And on the hill, and to the stars,
The wild winds say: “She died” —
And all her Spirit from afar
 Dreams over Sunny Side.
It comes and goes at later eve,
 At morn amid the grass
The pressure on the elies tell
 Where little feet have passed

THOUGHTS FROM THE STARS.

A WALK BY THE RIVER.

I.

BLOW winds of evening, softly blow!
And gently press my beating brows :
Sweet o'er the dusk, deep music flows,
And calmly clear the echoes rove.

Through crimson bars the shadows dream ;
And on the air sound evening bells :
The soothing story sweetly knells :
The heron calls adown the stream.

When darkness sheds her mantle down,
God skirts with myriad stars the deep ;
Supremest hour when soul may wake,
Beholding then immortal morn.

And darkly looms the distant hill,
An altar shadowed by the night.
My soul remounts to higher height,
The stars are guardians of my will.

They lead me to that silent shore,
Up all the steps of tangled light,
Amid the nebulae of night,
Where kindest friends have gone before.

Roll on, into thy deep, bright stars !
Ye linger on the verge of dawn,
Where souls, so shortly, will return
When Death the Golden-gate unbars.

Knowing thy centuries of light;
What is the little life we claim?
Oh, let my earthly dreamings wane:
I rest, and drink the airs of night!
'Tis hard to sing the best I feel,
Yet if their light, not all shall fail,
What life, what hope beyond the veil,
Beyond the darkest deeps revealed.

2.

Beautiful river. Down thy shore,
I hear the lulling of the wave,
Low lisping by the silent sail,
And in my spirit quiet more.
Like Love, the stars smile out through tears.
Deep calm! — they unmolested shine:
So rest in Faith, Oh heart of mine!
Abide in all these troubled years.
Art thou, fair star, some dearest friend,
Gone from me in the lucid light?
Immortal in the spirit's flight
That on my lingering life attends?
For through my wandering days with griets,
I long to know one sooth ing tone,
Some foregleam from immortal Home;
Those wild eyes calm on raving deeps.
Beautiful fields of living light!
Oh, for the red of lurid Mars!
Oh, for the glow of northern stars!
I love in their golden flight.
It is the star of ceaseless Love,
As she rolls in the rosy west,
This light of night I cherish best,
She lives forever above.



One more low lift one. Sailing down the river some bright unclouded morn.

FIFTY YEARS.

AN HOUR AFTER THE GOLDEN WEDDING.

I.

THE guests have all departed;
They have all gone home.
The sweet, the sad, the tender hearted,
Again have left us here alone.

The floors are still along the hall-way,
The sickle moon is gold;
Oh, come to the silence of the pathway,
The places sweet of old.

Just like a dream of Twilight,
These fifty years went by;
But left us still two happy dreamers,
Dearest — you and I.

These solemn shadows in the lindens,
Seem very sweet to me;
They rest in silence in the evening,
Where once I sat with thee.

Come again down by the gateway,
And let me speak with thee;
Come love, dream by the lindens,
Oh come, and walk with me.

Ah! long ago — so long — we wandered,
Only fifty years, Love — 'tis true,
Came we through the dreamy shadows,
Still my dearest — I and you.

The trees have grown a little gnarly,
Soon doff their summer green —

Oh! is it so with you and I, Love?

Compared with days that once have been,

I know our locks have changed to silver,

And many a year seems sad,

But the same love - sings on yon river,

As when I was a heedless lad,

These dreamy shadows in the lindens,

Are soft as ever now :

"Tis only o'er a weary, *weary* river,

In life we wandered through,

O, take my hand - my darling!

"Twas many a year ago,

I clasped it in these silent lindens,

Those years of joy and woe,

And there is Willie, and little Mary,

Where indeed are they?

O, are they under sweeter lindens,

Where sunny seasons play?

And the old farm, on the hill - dearest,

Where the wild winds b'lew

Where is the little pleasant chamber,

That once was dear to you?

I know my hair is touched with silver,

But not my heart is old -

Though we are sitting by the river,

That sings so sweet to you.

Yes - oft remember - that sweet summer,

O long - how long ago?

I came down by these lindens,

To take you out to row,

And now I see a smile; a dimple,

Yet graced with deepened years;

And a heart more sweet, my Hattie,

Reflected through the tears.

And not a life of silent sadness,
Has made them bitter tears,
Yet they are growing sweeter,
Through all the burdened years :
Ah ! but when I came to row you, Hattie,
You know you would not go,
'Tis strange — 'tis very strange — I thinking ;
You brought me waste and woe.
" All this labor for my pains " I saying.
While the west winds murmured low ;
For indeed you looked so beautiful,
When I came to take you out to row.

2.

Then I homeward went and pondered,
Oh, what shall come of this ?
And I watched you in the dusk of evening —
Shall then I have my wish ?
I saw you in the pleasant meadows,
Pluck the daisy-stars of white ;
I watched you by the babbling river,
And thought you was the light.
I saw you by your father's doorway,
Sit like a little queen :
The glory mid my heart's forebodings,
The gleam across a gleam.

And early spring was there in glory,
And there in youth you grew,
A violet of all the violets,
Thy dress a finer blue.
And did I e'er forget you, Hattie ?
Or liquid bird-like song !
That trilled like all the rushing river,
So joyously along :

And the laughter of that water
Sweet-dreaming to the day --
I can hear it in my ears forever,
Echoing with thy song away.

A flush upon the cheek of morning,
Was not so deep as thine;
The glow that soothed the light of evening
Was not so clear or fine.

I wished I was the happy squirrel,
That seemed not scared of thee,
For tenderness was thine, my love, indeed,
For he would flee from me.

But ah! -- Another evening wandered,
From all the summer dropt
The happiest goid of any season,
That fell to human lot.

Yes -- in one twilight -- soft and sweetly,
You came too near the stream,
And trod all gently in the purple,
You seemed so like a queen.

There is the same old boat, dearest
Yonder in the stream
In the same old joyous river :
It there for years hath been.

Tis brown now, old, yes -- and hallowed,
Re-mended o'er and o'er,
Set about with the sweetest lilies,
That water ever bore.

Don't you remember, that dear evening ?
Oh, beautiful you stood !
The glory of my youthful dreaming,
Within this linden wood.

And here -- this same spot by the river
I teased you by these trees --

Only fifty years ago, you smiling,
Blushing to the breeze.
And then just by these *same* old lindens,
I asked you, "Would you go?"
And then down the rolling river,
I took you out to row.

3

These dreamy shadows in the lindens,
Seem very sweet to me ;
I rest in silence in the evening,
You sitting here with me.
Oh, Love so true, and yet forever !
Can it e'er decline ?
As we have watched yon darling river,
For fifty years of time.
Oh, the jingle of the wealth of millions,
Is never like to this,
To sit together in the dear old places,
Looking down along the mist ;
The span of fifty years of sweetness,
Unbroken in the trust ;
But clouded here and there a little,
By tears — yet grief is just.
Look through our life, my dearest !
One more row — *but one!*
Sailing *from* these pleasant lindens,
Some calm, unclouded morn.
And when the fields are ripe and golden,
And the boat has gone adrift,
We will look back upon the river,
A smile through sunny mist.

AVILION BY THE SACO RIVER.

1.

THE Saco, sounding, ceaseless rolls
For many a sunny mile below,
Glowing o'er the gleaming stones,
Whose bubbles, beating, break and go.

Or further down between the isles
Smiles onward through sweet silver song,
Or laughs by Conway's intervals,
By rolling knoll, and velvet lawn.

Sweet Saco!—Dancing, happy maid!
Fair daughter of the hills; you keep
The secret of the everglade,
And know where meadow grasses weep:

And when the summer sunlights glow
Around the darkened ledges there,
Yon rest—where luscious elms throw
Their shadows to the golden air:

Or when you dally round the roots,
Dark, beneath the midnight moon,
To you the light winds play their lutes,
And still your banks are bright in bloom.

2.

Oh New England's forest paradise!
Tell not of old Arcadia's hills
Where Poesy's wilder rivers rise,
When I repose by Saco's rills.



Dear Sa-o.

Dear dreamer of the mountain air !
When below the ledge you sleep,
Glide on like life's calm feelings there,
For there my senses mingling meet.

And oft in summer suns I go,
From the glory of the higher hills,
Still, I find with thee no lonely woe,
But melody of willing wills.

Oh ! touch the meads and light
Some weary heart before it break.
Make music through my inner night,
Ere blow the wilder whirlwinds bleak !

Here I love instilling quietude,
Some murmured reasoning from the vale,
And pausing — hear the interludes
That rise ere downy summers fail.

Between old Saco and the Sea
I smile. With them I talk. I go,
And find each hath a voice for me,
Sweet solace for all dolorous woe.

In each when Nature speaks to me,
I find the hour all unforlorn,
Dear the harmonious windy tree,
And there a solemn sweetness born.

And will you take this gleam away
That floats on Conway's intervalle ?
The unshadowed hours of day,
A smile to lives with faces pale !

3.

Green knoll that sweetly silent stands
By the little looming spire --
And there, loved labors of the hands,
Still catch the golden tones of air :

Beat, sweet hearts below the elms!
Blow, calm winds o'er Kearsarge,
Bloom, fair flowers in gorgeous realms,
Kiss, bright Sun, dear Saco's marge!

Yet is left this happy place,
And tender hearts will sweetly beat,
And Life — true Life, in glowing face
Must bow, where balmy winds shall meet.

Then mingle by the gliding stream,
Home of the happy mountain winds,
Where lights of revel-summers gleam,
And thoughts of life take golden wings.

And fly, and rise, and love, and shine,
Till the reaper comes among the sheaves,
Re-robés the heart a star through time
And calms all woe, as summer robes the leaves.

CHARLIE'S LOVE.

YOU think the grave is lonely, mother?
As I shall never speak!--
I have been so good all day-- mother
I don't see why you weep.

May said: "We all were angels," mother.
I am afraid to go,
For you will weep so long mother,
When I am lying low.

Put Charlie in his grave? forever,
Where the soft winds blow?
But I will come and see you, mother,
Be a little drop of dew:

And I will float about you ever,
And rest upon your brow:
Will sleep within your roses, mother,
Kiss you as I do now.

LA BELLO.

TO IRMMA.

IMPASSIONED deeps of long distress!
Fairies from a lone ocean shell!
Calms when the billows lie at rest!
With these thine eyes most pensive dwell.
As angel thoughts they gleam,
And bearing radiance to my night;
Dancing o'er some dusky stream
Full-winged, with sweet, pure sensuous light.
In the arbor dim, star-lit,
They look voluptuous when they love,
I know their little lightnings flit,
When through the massive dark they rove
Quick-turned, they wake from languishment,
Those loved, dark, sad, orbs — they throw
Spears; not passion shivering sent,
Not of Melpomenes' woe.
Stars of Urania — sigh no more!
For sister orbs, ecstatic fire;
Sweet love-dewed eyes look from the shore;
Shine, burn, dream, flash — expire.

COME, OH COME!

IRMMA! thou art as Nature loves,
Chastened in thy all perfect face,
Beautiful from thy dusky groves,
Whose mysteries hover round thy grace.

The silent choirs of evening stars
Look down: or o'er the purple sea
Grow tremulous: and the long years
With nature, well are charmed with thee.

I see thee, Irmma, like a dream
At midnight, when the world is still,
And your soft eyes reflect the stars
You talk with in your own sweet will.

So, dear one, *all* this chilling world
Would have thee ever for its own!—
Rather than not feel thy love fold
Round me, give me oblivion.

THOUGH THOU ART DEAD I FEEL THEE
NEAR ME, IRMMA.



H, living Grace of Heaven and Earth !
Resplendent in thy holy face,
Smiling with irradiant birth,
I love thee ! dearest of thy race.

Fair golden head of constant love
With tresses dancing on the wind :
Oh, heart alone — but born to love,
Sweet one on whom a life declined.

Fading, clear gleam of holy thought
In all passion spiritualized :
Thou, o'er my heart, such power hath wrought,
Gently as angel footsteps glide.

In that fair Heaven where no woe is,
There cometh not death-deep passion —
Love ! thy dear heart only to miss
On earth, were ceaseless lamentation !

They say that hope is written bright
In the far, boundless blue of sky,
Yet in thy dreamful eyes of light,
Are deeper things that will not die :

And though those liquid deeps of blue
Fade : chilled in long oblivious night,
I deem in them the rapture true,
Dims never in the wild death flight.

I dream of thee, down by the stream,
Who bows in beauty to the morn,
Thou, lily floating in a dream,
A dawn within a happy dawn.

You touch me not. You know me not,
Oh, gracious head serenely bowed !
Soft flitting in the lush-green lot,
With tresses golden, zephyr wooed.

I cannot speak to break the spell,
Nor dare not even if I could,
Such charm thou canst with whispers tell
To the glory of the twilight flood.

Could life be wrapt with thee at last,
If I might be the tender tree
By which thy little feet hath passed
I should not feel half worthy thee.

Reflections, such as Nature loves,
Grow peaceful in thy perfect face
Beautiful from the dusky groves
Whose mysteries hover round thy grace.

THE PATH SUPREME.

ALL night no answer from my dead.
Love's silver tongues new tones will ring,
Though ages burn to embers cold
Triumphant winging thought's long flight,
Unproved that death *is* death and night.
Yon orbs that roll along the deep,
Exalted, hint eternal morn!
Ye too are dust that drifts afar
From God's fast footsteps borne!

All night I'm watching with my dead
Can I follow God's footprints?
She does not answer when I speak.
Oh, what the inner selfishness,
I nurture by pride's lurid fires,
Wherein my vainest dream expires.
Have I some secret, darkest place,
Far in the yearning soul-life down,
Some inward sin one dare not own?
A spectre, whene'er in gloomy dusk,
I draw the curtains to retire,
Flaunting with rolling eyes of fire?
My dead tells nothing that she knows.
Down baseness, down! all sorrow down!
These night-born vapors o'er yon stars,
Will scatter by the dawning bars.

There comes a halo round my dead,
What is my conscience, in dark night?—

Nature answers unfolding full!
God's dawn rolls o'er her blessed soul,
For her the hallowed palm-trees spread
Their shades of fragrant nectared balm
By tracks of summer's golden calm.
The great clouds roll in air
Their chariots of mellow light.
Sweet rest. Rest, sweet in long delight!
The daisy looks with tender eyes:
No cloud upon the silver main,
And darling nature smiles again.
But what to us the babbling brooks
Or use the seasons towering gold
If Doubt and Death dwell with our soul?

Her little heart will never beat,
Can I follow God's footsteps?
Oh, this dark loneliness my love,
That dwells with sobs the waters make,
With slumberous sunbeams on the lake;
With silver clouds of summer dawn,
With all the floating shadows play
That dream to lull the lucid day;
With winds that murmur to our hills,
Where blue seas lift their isles of light,
And whisper sweetness to the night.

But she will not answer if I speak,
Oh, oh! my loneliness of soul:
Like echoes to the shuddering thoughts
In vague dim vistas under-ground,
An icy, ghastly, dismal sound;
A silence, though seething streets are near,
Though hastening hundreds come and go,
With grating noises to and fro.

Not in the crowd we find our cheer!
Most then the sad soul feels alone—
And sits in silence — in what gloom?
Vast visions rise in lonely hours.
Oh, then we are just what we are!
While sitting lonely with our dead,
On life's great deep, one silent star,
God stood alone in tracks of calm,
Ere His wandering orbs were born;
Truth lives, and we must die alone.
Oh, can I follow those footsteps
That through the dark must lead me home.

All night I'm watching with my dead.
Oh silent kiss! — our hearts are wed
To kiss forever in the dawn:
Oh never shall we part again.
I see her in the Paths Supreme!
Soft, and soft, her step unseen
Sleep, sleep, Oh fair and darling head,
Thou art but dreaming. Only Love!
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead.

What is the *secret* she doth keep?
Still she lies from head to feet.
Her little heart will never beat.
The room is very dark in gloom,
She hath not gentle smile, nor breath,
But marble calm o'er her dear face at rest.

A LIFE IDYL.

WHAT LIFE'S STREAM SAYS TO ITS IDLE LILIES.

1.

 ANGUISHING Lily! — by thee I flow,
 Lives there sweet thought in weary eyes,
Through heavy pulses beating low
In whispers when the twilight flies? —
There yet *is* glory left in woe.
For scarce my life with Fancy played,
Before I found one pleasant dream,
Still hither, thither vainly swayed,
Like this fair lily in the stream.
And waking I heard the noisy street,
Compelling care that called so loud,
And little footsteps weary beat
Hard pavements lit from Sorrow's cloud.
Here dashed with joy, the golden times,
Dream-loves too beautiful to stay —
Ah! through the silver liquid lines,
What means a melancholy day!

2.

I am Life's stream, and bounding on,
Awake sweet morn! — Smile happy morn!
Waft hither o'er Floridian seas;
Move dear voices, sweetly born,
And blow fair climates to the breeze.
My music making melodies,
Dream o'er me till I die,
Till tears, night long, in troubled eyes

Touch me so soft, and fly,
But ere I heard - Life's long mournful deep
Awoke me sad to weariness -
I found it took a *greater* soul
To be content in ill success
Than ever to succeed in all !
So I tumble down and on,
Troubled, worrying in distress :
But maiden Lily, you have known
No cloud to dim your loveliness :
Yet before me lies Life's boundless sea,
While I go bubbling on by thee,
Retired in the sunlight of the stream,
Dreaming thou movest to and fro,
As though it might be always dream.

3.

In the dust of a ons nations sleep :
 Oh world, what silence hast thou seen
There are no sad seclusions deep,
 Where God's footstep hath not been .
Ere the noblest cermnets grow cold,
 Comes sweet replenishing of light,
By Him who walked the seas of old,
 The guardian of the stars of night.
I know Life's stream is *part* of all,
 Far billows wail so loud to me,
A part of the full finished whole,
 The beautiful which is to be.
Blush then melancholy ! sigh and blush !
 For sad numbers thou hast given,
Haunt not my days and flush
 Pale cheeks fair as the tender even.
Oh idle maiden in Life's stream
 Awake with me from all thy dream !

How frail, this bubble, bound with thee
That heaves upon this whirlpool waste:
How valued striving hearts and hands
That beat at nature's temple gates.
Look! Nature sits with lovely eyes
To enrich her portals with delight!
This life, dear heart, in beauty flies,
Between the arches of her light.
Come to the woodlands fair with time,
Where the gentle waters sigh,
And where the sweet-briers kiss the pine,
Caress the winds, and die:
Or when the wild bird sings his notes
To the deepness of the dawn,
And where the silver music floats
So sweetly, to the breaking morn.

4.

Oh I have heard in some wild wood
The voice of the freshening Spring!
And heard the dance of my gleaming flood
Roll to the song of the rushing wind.
I have slept in the dingle and the grass,
Down in the darling dell,
And the night-winds where they gently pass,
Have told me all our life is well.
But yon clouds fade like things we love,
Alas! -- gold-tipt pinnacles of air;
And the solid mountains rise to fall,
Will leave no shadow there.
And what is man, when rocks can waste
Into the unrelenting deep?
Ay! the very types of species take
New forms, or fade in wakeless sleep!

But could I breathe my soul away,
As sweetest summer leaves the wood,
And never know the day I die,
While a glory calms my blood
With tender light that leaves the west,
'Twere all the same, for after life is rest.
Girl-lily looking up to me
Life's river scarcely hath begun !
Unwatched, ungathered were the forms
That stirred below the earlier sea,
In evolution moving on,
Great hints of what was yet to be:
The half formed wing, wrench'd from the stone,
Perfect now in light these later years —
What were the rudiments of man alone,
Have grown to full life — and its tears.
Oh, shall this wondrous working cease,
Or shall the soul be fairer born ?
The thousand hearts that beat so sweet
Evolve more light, some nobler form.

5.

Pale mother, where thou sittest with sad eyes,
And lookest, toward life's lonely deep —
Dear young mother, while the daylight dies,
Thou dreamest of thy child asleep.
Dear little arms ! Oh cunning feet !
That dimple to the evening light,
Whose innocence is rest — 'tis meet,
The mother's eyes should weep to-night,
For down across her heart there fall
Gleams of his future where he lay,
And lit grim pictures on the wall
By little eyes that smile by day.

What wonder dearest — I should fear
 Still doting o'er his golden hair; —
Oh, the long weary flowing of his years!
 Eternal progress written there.
And so the darling boy at first:
Then the temptations and the doubt;
Then perfection and the fruit;
Then the undying worlds of youth.
So I hope Lily while you droop.

6.

To-day I passed the rose-blown fields,
 Low winding near the purple hills,
Or where the grasses drop their seeds
 To the music of the leaping rills.
Tall ladies of the summer fair,
 They bend to the expanding meads,
To bugle melodies of June,
 Indeed they are but humble weeds,
The bending grasses of the lane,
 Fair *Lily*, dallying repose,
Care not even whence they came,
 Or when the brightest flower-bell goes.
Lily-maiden, — whereso'er thou art,
 Who wanders in some early gloom:
Art proud, and with a lonely heart,
 Hath envy in the ever darkened room!
Ah poets, workers with the vaster power!
 And they too turn cold and proud,
Love greed and gain that call so loud.
But I laid me in the grass and heard
 The true wind whispering by:
And the voices of the babbling bird

Sing to the humble flowers and I,
Now false Girl-Lily *hope* with me,
I laugh, and would not change with thee.

7.

My thoughts waff downward in the stream,
That leaps to the dawn of day.
My eddies touched with *deeper* dream,
While I dance my hours away :
And ministering full to me,
The melodies of the air,
Seem like fair forms soft chiding me,
Wood spirits breathing there.
But ere I watched the season glide,
Blight touched the green leaf's tender wills :
I thought how false a star was pride.
Dear summer faded from the hills.
Ah ! Time, and Pride — and change,
Move on like life's triumphant flight,
Flaunt their robes, and range,
And mock the very lords of light.

8.

I gurgle by the beach and say :
Oh, love-lorn Lily like the night,
This little orb whereon man dwells,
This whirling dreamer in its flight,
And God alone the sequel tells :
Lives of all Nature where they range !
Great orbits darkened with a breath ! —
Oh, rather give me whirlpool change
Than nights of blind eternal death.
All things are made alone to change,
The ripening of the loveliest wish ;
And life beyond the grave is change.

But come Life-river streaming down,
The golden gardens of my days,
Dream not in ever useless gloom,
But end in the blue, boundless Mays.

9.

I have not dallied all in vain,
Maiden Lily in my bold stream!
You float all day in Palace Place :
Though emulous in paler grace,
Upon my way I've laughing met,
Many a fair and languid face,
Looking down Life's pearling pool,
Hating to run my rolling race.
I worry o'er the stones in folly,
Up again with stronger sense,
Stumble with my melancholy,
Then I leap more happy hence.
Beautiful Lily, — on Life's stream !
Come laugh and dance *with me*,
And while I skip along the lea,
Come loiter in thought with me,
I fretting, have more *faith* than thee :
Yet weep no more in idleness :
I seek the vast, the outer sea,
But we must wait for our success.

“ Mr. Doggett besides being a poet shows a good deal of taste not often found in works of this kind Gifted with a nature more than naturally susceptible, and fond of natural beauty ” — *Boston Advertiser*.

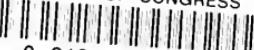
“ Mr. Doggett has previously published ‘Golden Cities,’ also another small volume ‘Tanyanika,’ and the appearance of this fresh volume leads to the conclusion that the author’s verses have many admirers.” — *Boston Herald*.

“ It is quite a monument to the genius of the poet.” — “ Among them may be found many little gems ” — “ They are sincere and show individuality.” — *Other Papers*.

“ He sings the praises of the ocean in a way that shows the love he has for the ‘vasty deep,’ and he has also found inspiration all along the South Shore. . . . The book has found already no small sale.” — *Boston Globe*.

He has also produced other longer poems called “ *Immortalis*,” “ *The Old South Shore*,” “ *Violets and Dreams*,” and a few novels.

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